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VOL. XXX.

NO. IX.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SORORES, unanimique PATRES."

AUGUST, 1865

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '66.

HAMILTON COLE,

CHAS. M. SOUTHGATE,

GEORGE C. HOLT,

L. CLIFFORD WADE,

HENRY O. WHITNEY.

Theodore Winthrop.

THEODORE WINTHROP seems to me to have been the representative American youth. We all know the proverbial character of American young men. "Young America" has become a synonym for dissipation, superficiality, and assurance. But it seems to me that the phrase is fast becoming meaningless, however truthful it may heretofore have been. American young men, as a class, are showing higher qualities than Dickens delineates in Martin Chuzzlewit; and as the finest type of that Young America which the influences of our maturing civilization are producing, I propose to speak of Theodore Winthrop.

The most noticable trait in his character was his modesty. His career here at Yale was singularly retiring. Though of signal ability as a writer, his self-distrust prevented him from entering into the literary contests of the college. He was an effective public speaker in later life; but we have no evidence of his taking part in the collegiate debates. Indeed the only honors which he acquired were in scholarship. He took the Clark Scholarship, and graduated with a high rank in his class. We hear of him here as having nothing to do with the usual objects of college ambition; ignoring politics, taking no part in literary contests, known not at all by many, and intimately by but few, leading an utterly secluded student life. Foreign travel and home life seemed to develop still more his modesty and his refined taste. He was attracted to all beautiful things.

His love of nature was hearty and unfeigned. His taste in art was exquisite. He loved to linger about artist's studios, and to participate in that merry artist life, over which Thackeray always grows so enthusiastic. Church bears witness to the exactness and refinement of his knowledge of art. The purity of his literary taste, his writings show. Indeed, the very fact of the friendship which such men as Church and Geo. W. Curtis felt for him, speaks for the beauty of his character. The sketch of his life, prefaced to Cecil Dreeme by Mr. Curtis, seems to me the most touching piece of biography I ever read, and the tender regret with which "that foremost gentleman in America" often speaks of him, shows us how powerfully the character of Theodore Winthrop impressed itself upon his friends.

In considering his character as an author, we must always bear in mind, that his style was by no means perfected, and that his writings are not in themselves so great, as the proof which they give of great results, when his thoughts had become more matured, and his pen more facile. There are grave imperfections in all his works.

But his faults were those of youth, and even his literary vices leaned to virtue's side. He sometimes bungles in the management of a plot, and is often exuberant in the profusion of his imagery. And yet, I do not hesitate to rank him as the first novelist in America, except Hawthorne, thus far. American fiction is lamentably meager. We, as a nation, are immature as yet. The influences of American society have turned literary effort into Statesmanship, Politics, Law, Eloquence, and all those departments of Literature which a youthful national life fosters. A republic was to be formed. An untried system of government was to be adapted to the necessities of the people. The influences then which have been at work on the American mind, have been of a serious and thoughtful character, and have produced great results in the more serious departments of Literature. Oratory, History, Law have flourished. The names of Marshal and Story in Jurisprudence, of Bancroft, Motley, Prescott and Irving in History, of Hamilton, Munroe and Jefferson in Statesmanship, of Everett and Choate in Eloquence, will compare favorably with their European cotemporaries; and of Daniel Webster, it is not too much to say, that in the marvellous union of those three magnificent departments of intellectual greatness, Law, Statesmanship, and Oratory, he rises far superior to any man of modern, I was almost about to say of ancient times. But in the imaginative walks of literature, in which an old and highly cultivated nation only excels, we are sadly deficient. In poetry, indeed, Bryant and Longfellow have achieved

some reputation; but we cannot help feeling, I think, that their fame will prove mostly ephemeral. While in fiction, though much that has been written here is worthy of attention, yet in comparison with those splendid English Novels, which have, in so large a degree, enriched and enlarged the literature of this century, their excellencies seem trivial and insignificant. While then in comparison with Thackeray, Scott, Dickens and Bulwer, or even with Reade, Collins or Trollope, Theodore Winthrop cannot be placed, I cannot see to what American novelist but one he is not superior. Hawthorne of course stands far higher. But who else? Fennimore Cooper used to be compared to Scott by his admirers, but the only similarity I could detect, was in the number of his novels. Sylvanus Cobb has written almost as much, and much more nearly resembles him in matter.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was rather a political tract than a novel. Dr. Holmes' "Elsie Venner," was written to promulgate certain remarkable medical theories, and, like all tales with a moral, wearied the reader before coming to the *Hæc Fabula Docet*. None of these, in strength of plot, in exciting incident, in crisp and sparkling style, and in natural and witty description can equal Cecil Dreeme or John Brent. But his pen was not practiced sufficiently to be faultless in these pretentious attempts. It is only in some few brief sketches, that his greatest power is manifest. His description of "Washington as a Camp," and the "Journey of the Seventh Regiment" thither, are the most graphic descriptions of war scenes that the last four years have produced; and his little story of "Love on Skates," is almost unequaled in our Literature, for its trenchant wit and keen sententious style. In his character as an author again, we are at once struck by his modesty. All his works of any merit are posthumous. He literally fulfilled the Horatian injunction in regard to delay in publication. What other American young man has written so brilliantly and at the same time published so little? He tells us in Cecil Dreeme, his theory about youthful attempts at publication. "Let me mature," says he "before you expect a man's work of me." But the refinement of his tastes, and his abilities in literary pursuits, do not constitute the highest element of his character. The blood of that old race of the Winthrops, whose lofty virtue and stern self-denial have become a type of the puritan character, endued this descendant with the stern stuff of which Patriots are made. If we consider the time in which he lived, and the circumstances in which his life was passed, we cannot fail, it seems to me, to discern, in the

patriotism which he evinced, the highest characteristic of greatness. The time in which he lived is part of this generation, and it is too soon for history to estimate it impartially; but it seems to me that to the future historian, the twenty years prior to the actual occurrence of the civil war, will seem the most perilous to the nation in the whole life of the republic. It was a time in which the whole tendency of the nation was toward decay. Public virtue was corrupted. Luxury in private life enervated the people. Theories of Government, absurd and suicidal, were promulgated as cardinal principles of great parties, and the whole form of the government was fast drifting into an aristocracy. In no community was this laxity of public morals greater than among the wealthy classes of our great cities. The influences of the most refined society were all excited against the old ideas of the Republic, and a young man in New York City who believed that slavery was wrong, and the statesmanship of Calhoun pernicious, was as thoroughly despised as the holder of the same opinions in Richmond. Theodore Winthrop was part of that society, and his principles never wavered. He was anti-slavery all his life. He scorned a northern pro-slavery man with a genuine detestation. How strongly he alludes to this very subject in Cecil Dreeme, in remarking upon some character under consideration, as "a fellow who talks pro-slavery and fancies it aristocracy."

He foresaw with an almost prescient eye, the war which was coming on. Mr. Curtis says they used to talk over the matter together, and that he alway expressed a determination to do his part when the struggle came. We know how soon it came. He read in his morning paper the call of the President for troops, after the fall of Sumpter. Before noon that same day he had enlisted in the Seventh Regiment, and in a day or two was off for the war. The rest of the brief story we all remember. That march through Baltimore to Washington; the defense of the Capital; the transfer to Fortress Munroe; the scheme of the attack at Big Bethel and the disaster of that fatal day; the field lost unless some desperate heroism could reinspire the dispirited little band; Winthrop springing to the front like a lion upon his prey, one instant upon the ramparts, sword in hand, and the flagging valor of the troops buoyed up by the sublime example; the next pierced by a dozen balls, and that gallant soul winging its journey to its everlasting rest.

The chivalric element in his character adds a peculiar beauty to his fame. He has been compared to Sir Philip Sidney. Like him he was the first gentleman of his time. Like him he achieved great

success in authorship, like him he died in battle for a noble cause. But I cannot forget that much of Sidney's writings are defaced by the license of those times; a license which the times do not excuse, and of which we find no traces in at least one great author of that day—John Milton. He may be compared to Bayard. He was a chevalier without fear and without reproach. But, unlike Bayard, his sword was never drawn in an unworthy cause. Of all American young men at least, he is the most splendid instance of a union of great qualities of heart, mind, and soul; combining to a loving disposition, great abilities in literature, and crowning all with a patriotism which welcomed death for his country. I know no higher model for us in the formation of a noble character.

G. C. H.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

The Statesman and the Politician Compared.

BY WILLIAM STOCKING.

THE *Statesman* seeks by his life to promote the permanent good of the whole state. The motive which leads to this purpose is simple patriotism; the inspiration of his action is love of country. He who has this inspiration, finds in the natural surface itself of his country, a source of enthusiasm, and an object of affection. The rocks and hills of his native land, her mountains and plains, her rivers and streams make up a surface, the dearest to him, of any on earth. To this he adds the people who inhabit it, and the institutions which exist in it, and looking at them in the light of past traditions, present tendencies, and future hopes, he finds in his country an object worthy of his most earnest devotion. He takes pride in her history; he glories in her grandeur; he rejoices in her prosperity; he is jealous of her peace and security.

And this patriotism is all-embracing; it is not love for a section, not a narrow and local affection, confined within the limits of neigh-

borhood or county. In England it does not limit itself to the interests of London or Kent, but includes the whole island, aye, and every colony on continent or sunny isle, throughout the world, which owns the sway of the British Empire. In this country it does not confine its interest to Connecticut or Pennsylvania, but embraces in its affections every state now existing, from the stormy Atlantic to the broad Pacific, together with those yet to be formed from the common territory.

This love of country influences the Statesman to ignore the claims of his own section, when they interfere with the general interest. The good of the whole, and not the good of the part, is the main object sought, and though the local attachments may be strong, they must give way to the general advantage.

For the same reason, the Statesman does not seek the success of his political party *as an end*. That may, for the time, be the only hope of the success of certain measures, which he deems important, and so he may work with all his energies for the party, as a means of securing the proper measure. But when the political combination, with which he has been connected, desert its principles, or swerves from its true purpose, he does not hesitate to leave it. Nay, even he will not hesitate to change his party, when it becomes necessary to do so in order to keep up with the progress of ideas, or the growth of new principles, or to save the nation from the injurious effects of too hasty or extreme legislation, or of inevitable popular reactions.

Thus in 1844, when the question in this country was on the Tariff, the judgment of an honest and devoted citizen might have led him to connect himself with the party of Calhoun and Polk. But as time passed on, and all questions of Tariff and Finance became absorbed in one great question of human progress, and the preservation of the country, no party considerations could rightly hold him, who perceived that in the new contest, his old associates had taken ground which was totally, utterly wrong. It was the part of a patriot to snap at once the ties which held him to them, however long they might have been in forming, or however strong they might have become. If the *party would* go wrong, the *man* must still go right. The statesman is thus zealous for truth and right judgment everywhere,—a partisan nowhere.

But if the Patriotism of the true Statesman lead him to set the good of his country above that of section, and the advancement of party, much more does it lead him to ignore his own mere personal advancement, and the impulses and jealousies of his own breast. He

may not be indifferent to his own advancement, nor to personal honors, but he does not make these the end of his action. And when he is placed in positions of responsibility, he is not mindful simply of the honors and emoluments which may accrue to himself, but of the interests which are placed in his hands, of the duties he ought to perform, and of the influences he ought to exert. He does not allow his own wishes to find any expression, nor his own pleasure any indulgence, at the expense of the state, nor does he suffer personal jealousies or dislikes to prevent his making use of the best and most available agents for the public service.

But love of country, does not alone constitute Statesmanship. It may exist in one of weak intellect, or of narrow judgment, or of absorption in theory.

The Statesman must be capable of apprehending what it is, in which the good of his country really consists, and of concerting measures which shall promote it. He does not stop with the present age, but concerns himself about the future, anxious not merely to perform those acts which public opinion and the exigencies of the hour demand, but to devise plans, and to inaugurate changes, which shall extend their beneficial influence to coming time. He glories in his country, not merely for what it is at present, but for what it may become. He casts his eye into the future, and there sees his country developed by an enlightened progress, until it stands as the embodiment of its leading idea, the perpetuation of that distinctive good which it was designed to illustrate. Government is not to him a mere police system, a mere machine for the preservation of order, but a grand aid to the people in their education and progress. It concerns all interests, and effects all its subjects, present and future. Government, in this conception of it, is an instrument of future good, and so, must be guided by a spirit of progress. It is also a system, conducted on comprehensive principles, and therefore requires the guidance of a man of intellect.

The Statesman will find use for all the powers and accomplishments of mind and manners, with which nature may have endowed him, or which cultivation may have engrafted upon him. His judgment, however sound, will sometimes be taxed to its utmost; his knowledge may be drawn from Philosophy and History, from Classical or Modern studies; it may comprehend the whole range of the political, social and moral sciences, and even of all those studies which seem most irrelevant to his calling, and yet he can make it all available; he will find use for all his shrewdness and sagacity, for

all graces and courtesies of manner, for power in conversation, for eloquence in address, and for whatever else can reach individuals in private contact or in public association.

He must at least have a breadth of mind which will enable him to understand the philosophy of general principles; a penetrating and sagacious judgment, that he may perceive when these principles will admit of particular applications, and tact or skill in making these applications. The goal to be reached is not only a distant one, and the voyage long, but the way is always liable to be filled with obstructions, and rendered hazardous by storms. He who would reach the desired haven, must therefore be one who can embrace within his plans not only measures suited to a safe voyage over calm and unruffled waters, but those which shall include the deviations made necessary by obstructions, and the hazards incurred through wind and tempest.

It is a question how far private morality and firmness of principle are essential to Statesmanship. Public men have received, and perhaps deserved, the name of Statesmen, who were lacking in both. Yet it is certain that the *claims* of morality upon a man in public life, are more imperative than upon any one else, for in him both virtues and vices have the widest field for their display. Any such violations of the moral law as tend directly to impair the interests of the state, are utterly incompatible with that devotion to country, which is so essential to statesmanship, and any gross immorality whatever seems inconsistent with that loftiness of purpose, and that nobleness of soul, which are a part of the Statesman's character. Certain it is that the general tone of his character must be elevated, and in the *Statesman* we expect nothing weak nor mean.

The *Politician* is essentially a selfish man. He does not recognise any claims which his country can make upon him as having any more binding force than do his own advancement and the interests of his party. His aims are all local or personal. He has no room for any noble emotions, no time for any general interests, no thought of a disinterested action.

The littleness of his purposes and the narrowness of his aims give direction and explanation to his whole character. As his own advancement and the interests of his party are chiefly matters of present moment, he concerns himself about the present, rather than the future, and carries on the Government by means of shifts and expedients, rather than upon general principles. He has little regard to the ultimate effect of actions, if only they operate well for a time.

The problem is how to retain popular favor, by securing the appearance of a prosperous government, and at the same time, to derive the greatest possible amount of incidental advantage from its management. For this purpose evils are thrown forward into the future; abuses are covered up; decisions on doubtful questions are evaded or delayed; no new public measures are undertaken until the public voice absolutely demands them; whatever is feeble and helpless is left uncared for; whatever is intrusive and influential receives a superfluous amount of attention. And so all the burdens of evil are thrown forward upon other shoulders; the present security is gained, the present good is grasped, prosperity lasts till the close of the Politician's own career, "and after that let the *Deluge* come."

The Politician may be a man of comprehensive intellect. It is his purposes and modes of action, and not the degree of his intellectual power, that determines his character. Yet it is generally the case that his intellectual character is of the same inferior stamp as his leading principles. If he has power of any kind, he inclines rather to be sharp and shrewd, than sound and far-seeing. His ends are gained by cunning, by the arts of popularity, and by the skillful use of all political sophistries. If he is naturally a man of strong intellect, the tendency of his life is to train his mind down. And in this particular lies the difference between the two. The tendency of the Statesman's life is to expand an intellect which must have been sound at the outset; that of the Politician's life is to contract an intellect which may or may not have been sound to commence with.

In morals there is the same difference. The tendency of the Statesman's life is upward; that of the Politician's life is downward. He is not necessarily vicious or unprincipled, yet he is strangely liable to be unscrupulous with regard to means, as he is ignoble with regard to ends. The tendency of true principle is to pervade the whole man, and when it cannot do this, it yields the contest and is itself annihilated. A truly moral and upright Politician is likely to change his purposes, and cease to be a Politician, or else cease to be moral and upright.

We have, then, these two characters.

The Statesman is a patriot, ignoring the claims of section, party and self, looking forward to the future, acting in sympathy with progress, working upon general principles, and bringing to this work the power of comprehensive and philosophical thought, shrewd judgment, tact and integrity.

The Politician is a man working mainly for himself or some local interest; acting for the present, rather than the future; working by shifts and expedients, rather than upon general principles; not necessarily a man of intellectual power, and not generally a man of integrity.

From their characters may be inferred the kind of institutions they will naturally adopt. The State embraces society and its government.

The Statesman looks upon this as an organized and permanent system. It is not the instrument of any party or section, nor is it to be used for the unjust advantage of any individual. It should be subject to such changes as the interests of the people demand, and yet should be framed in such a way that these changes cannot be made upon mere caprice. As it must meet the wants of men in an imperfect but progressive condition, it must be able to keep pace with their growth; yet as their growth, in order to be secure, must be comparative slow, the conservative element must be strong. In a word, the institutions of the state must be established upon the permanent basis of correct principles; the different parts of the system must be so arranged, that, when in their normal condition, they shall work harmoniously together, but when disorders are introduced, each part shall check and balance the others. Symmetry, strength and justice are the characteristics of the Statesman's system.

The Politician looks upon Government as an instrument for private and political use. He is not so anxious that it should serve the ends of justice, as those of party; not so desirous that it should be permanent, as that it should be pliable; he would therefore have its parts susceptible to easy change, and its offices and emoluments open to those who want, and not to those who are fitted for them; he would not have public men trained up for the uses of the state, but the state exist for the support of its public men: he would have the whole management brought within the range of men of limited capacity, and all the sacred interests of the state brought into hazard in the strife for power. Half-finished, unstable and ill-regulated is the Politician's fabric.

Stable governments, righteous laws, security of property, justice and peace, proclaim the praises of the Statesman's life.

Instability, insecurity, injustice, violence and decay, bring into execration the Politician's character.

Agnes Vare.

On a golden day Summer,
In the dreamy month of June,
I was standing by a fountain
At the languid hour of noon.
'Twas a charming little fountain,
With its merry nymph at play.—
How the yellow sunbeams kissed her
As she tossed the feathery spray.
And each drop became a diamond
As it sparkled in the light,
Till a dazzling bow of beauty
Overarched the naiad bright.
Then the limpid stream, escaping,
Babbled through an elfin dell,
And upon the ear it's purling
Like the softest music fell.
Through the grove the laughing streamlet
Gurgled o'er its pebbly bed,
And I followed through the verdure
Where the merry waters led.
When I pushed aside the bushes,
Peering through th' enchanted glade,
It was like some fairy vision
To my wandering view displayed.
Where the leafy bows hung thickest
And their grateful coolness shed,
Where the softest and the greenest
Beds of velvet moss were spread,
Lay a lovely sleeping maiden,
By the wreathing vines embraced,
And the sunlight and the shadow
O'er her sylph-like figure chased.
By the rosy cheeks and dimples,
By the sun-light of her hair,
By the parted lips of cherry,
Well I knew 'twas Agnes Vare.
Like some nymph or houri was she,
Beaming with a radiant smile,
Lovely as lost Ariadne
When she slept on Dia's isle.
Not more beautiful was Psyche
Dreaming in th' enchanted vale,

Where in grove and fount and palace
Whispered Love's bewitching tale.
Long I lingered, gazing on her,
Revelling in sweetest bliss,
And then, bending gently o'er her,
Pressed upon her brow a kiss.
As I stooped, I saw beside her
On the moss a little glove.
Who could help but seize the trophy,
Though untouch'd his heart with love.
Lest the fairy nymph should waken,
I retreated with my prize;
Lingering, but that once more on her
I might turn my raptured eyes.

On a balmy eve in Summer,
In the dreamy month of June,
At the lovely little fountain,
Silver'd by the crescent moon,
We were standing, there together:
Lovely Agnes Vare and I,
And I bade her sit and listen
To a tale of days gone by:
"Once there was a crystal fountain
In a silent woodland glade,
And its waters brightly sparkled
Where the sunlight pierced the shade.
Near it, in a bower of verdure,
Lovelier than her fair retreat,
Lay a wild and wayward maiden
Wrapt in slumber soft and sweet.
Now by chance a youth was wandering
By that gently purling stream,
And his eyes fell on the maiden
Smiling sweetly in her dream.
Long he stood and gazed upon her;
Suddenly he gave a start,
And a dizzy faintness seized him,
For a shaft had pierced his heart.
Up he glanced, and there sat Cupid,
Laughing in the waving trees,
Swinging on the leafy branches,
As they nodded in the breeze.
Then he turned him to the maiden,
Slumbering in her balmy rest,
And upon her fair, white forehead,
Daringly a kiss impressed.
As he stooped he saw beside her,

Hidden in the moss, her glove,
And he placed it in his bosom,
Turned for one last look of love."—
"Ah, 'tis I you mean!" cried Agnes,
"Then 'twas you who stole my glove!
And you dared to kiss me sleeping?—
Do not talk to me of love!"
Then she sprang up from beside me,
Walked away with haughty air;
But I softly stole behind her,
Gently touched her auburn hair;
And she fiercely turned upon me;
"Give me, sir, my stolen glove!"
"When you give the hand to wear it,
Then you'll get it, pretty dove."
Then I heard her smothered laughter;
Bending low her blushing head,
All the feigned anger vanished,
Sweetly to me now she said:
"Naughty man, I ought to hate you,
Much less should I think to love;
Here's my hand, you hateful fellow—
Give me back my stolen glove."
And I took the hand of Agnes,
Took that little hand in mine—
But what should I speak of further:
Lovers know this bliss divine.
Ah, that shady grove and fountain!
Sweetest spot of all the earth,
Agnes Vare and I esteem it,
Where our young love had its birth.
Ah, those golden days of Summer!
Ah, that dreamy month of June!
Sweetest this of all the seasons,
Brightest then the silver moon. P. B. P.

The Influence of Republican Institutions upon Literature.

MANKIND have consumed many ages in experimenting upon different forms of government, and for the most part with very unsatisfactory results. The most enlightened states of antiquity failed to grasp the true idea of liberty, and after having tasted many of the benefits

of freedom, lapsed either into despotisms, or into turbulent and tyrannical democracies. Both extremes are unfavorable to a happy union of permanence and progress. Where the people meet in a body, as at ancient Athens, to elect rulers and vote upon measures, the policy of the state will be as unstable as the thoughts of the multitude. The privilege possessed by each citizen of directly participating in the management of public affairs, may develop an intense and brilliant intellectual activity, but this is sure to be ill regulated and short-lived. The brightness of the flame poorly compensates for its evanescence.

On the contrary, where absolute power is lodged in the hands of a single individual, however wisely and virtuously he may fulfill the trust, the mental growth of the people at large will be starved by inaction. The despot may establish good laws, call to his aid the most eminent counselors, see that justice is impartially administered, and abstain scrupulously from every form of oppression. But the more successful he is in pressing into the service of the throne the best talent and highest culture of the empire, the more passive and powerless becomes the subject. A single person or a small coterie learns the art of administration at the expense of the million. The faculties are very imperfectly developed where the people look to the government for guidance in all affairs except those of habit or routine. A condition of unthinking acquiescence in the existing order of things, is peculiarly unfavorable to mental pursuits and mental triumphs.

Republican institutions, shunning alike the evils of democracies and despotisms, invite all the faculties to healthful action. Power is neither centralized in the hands of one, nor retained undivided in the possession of an irresponsible populace. Rulers are chosen by the people for periods of moderate length, and are responsible to the people for the manner in which they fulfill their trusts. Every citizen has a voice in the government, with a possibility of reaching its highest offices and bearing off its highest honors. The sentiment of patriotism is strengthened by the constant attention which public affairs elicit. As the feelings are cultivated by exercise, and as the affections thrive upon deeds of voluntary kindness, so the love of republican institutions is developed and intensified by the reciprocal duties of the people and the government. If one does nothing for his country, he will care little for it. If, on the contrary, he has a vote in the choice of rulers, and a voice in the discussion of public measures, he learns to love his country as a part of his own personal possessions—the part upon which the security of all the rest depends.

Where institutions are built upon the affections, the people will be sure to cultivate assiduously the qualities upon the healthful development of which the perpetuity of those institutions depends. The citizens of a republic discover at once the paramount importance of diffusing the benefits of education among all classes. If knowledge is withheld, an ignorant rabble will certainly become the prey of demagogues, and the elective franchise will be prostituted to the elevation of dangerous men and to the consummation of bad measures. Learning, with the derivative virtues of justice and moderation, are essential to the well-being of free governments. Hence schools for the multitude will form a characteristic feature of all well regulated republics.

Not only the foresight of wise founders, but the ambition of the masses, calls earnestly for educational facilities. Parents struggling against hardships desire a happier lot for their offspring. They see around them numerous examples where men, through intelligence and virtue, have risen from the humblest condition to seats of honor, far above the miseries that clouded the dawn of life. The prizes of wealth, and fame, and position glitter in the distance. The laborer, stiffened perhaps by toil, and hungering most for the good of the precious ones whom God has given him, discerns the pathway to those prizes winding upward from the doors of the school-house. In a republic the motives for securing a thorough education are stimulated to the highest activity, because the theory of the constitution holds all men equal, and because the irregularities of society are obviously due in a great measure to differences in mental training.

These considerations conduct us to certain radical and far-reaching influences of republican institutions upon literature. Under no other system of government does the writer address a circle of readers by any means equally large and intelligent. Under no other system are the natural capabilities for authorship so fully developed. The "heart pregnant with celestial fire" is not left to consume its own substance from want of sympathy and outlet. No "mute, inglorious Milton" appeals unheard to the ear of the world, or falls helplessly beneath the shadow of inexorable fate. There are invitations and room for all. Whoever has an earnest word to speak, finds plenty of appreciative listeners. The reformer, battling manfully against hoary errors, the philosopher, flushed with the discovery of new truths, the enthusiast, lured on by projects for human amelioration, will each find an audience commensurate with the ability and zeal which he brings to his chosen work.

In a land of universal education the number of readers and the pecuniary rewards of authorship approach a maximum. Homer begged a precarious livelihood from door to door; Shakspeare held horses at the entrance to Blackfriar's Theatre; Johnson, with his vast erudition, was often pinched for bread. In their day, chill penury forced many writers, whose productions have since been read with eager interest by millions, to sink to sleep at night upon the hard pavement, roofless and hungry. The great lights of literature, the sovereigns among the benefactors of the race, not unfrequently lived in want, and were buried at last in obscurity. Is such a condition of affairs favorable to the progress of literature? We may well thank God that some heroic souls triumphed over the discouragements of poverty and neglect, raising beacons on the mountain tops for the guidance of the race. Their works are the most precious monuments of earthly origin bequeathed by the past. They stand along the track of time, separated often by centuries, yet perpetuating in immortal characters the deepest wisdom of their age. How many others, however, equally gifted but more sensitive, fell in the fierce struggle, and were engulfed in the waters of oblivion? How many poets, with souls attuned to the music of nature, priests of the beautiful and prophets of the coming good, were starved into despair, having left behind no sweet note to remind mankind of the treasures discarded and lost? But we may trust that the night in which authors groped for ages, is nearly past. The morning sun shines brightly upon those portions of the earth where free institutions flourish. America and Great Britain hasten to reward the writer so soon as he gives proof of worth. Elegant homes are built and costly libraries accumulated from the profits of authorship. Remuneration accompanies performance. Poverty does not peer grimly through broken panes and gaping seams to chill the fountains of thought. The brain toils unweariedly, joyfully, because conscious that the value of its labors will be promptly recognized. Some more confident than capable may essay the use of the pen and fail. They simply mistake their calling. The world is not in fault for failing to discover beauties where none exist.

Under republican institutions literary success wins the highest social honors. A contribution which disclaims all unnatural distinctions of rank, throws the prizes of leadership into the hands of the most competent. Nobility rests upon achievement, not on birth. Intellect is made the chief measure of the man. Advantages extrinsic to the person are at their minimum value. A free and educated people will always hold in the highest estimation the persons who excel in mental

force and accomplishments, because they are taught by the genius of their institutions to regard the possession of these qualities as affording the only legitimate title to distinction. The claim receives still farther sanction from the obvious connection in life between intelligence and virtue.

Foreign critics have sometimes sneeringly inquired, *Who reads an American book?* Once the question was very irritating to the sensitive nerves of our countrymen. If, however, the acknowledged merits of American writers had not already disarmed the interrogatory of its sting, the sons of the young republic could reply to the carper that his imputation is grossly unjust. The higher creations of literature are not manufactured to order like a coat, nor produced between the vernal and autumnal equinoxes like a crop of wheat. England may point with just pride to her long and illustrious catalogue of writers. Before passing hasty judgement, however, upon countries in their infancy, she should remember that the harvests of ten centuries are stored in her granaries, and that several of those centuries hardly added a single sheaf to her hoard. Indeed the great seminal minds seem not to belong to any particular age, or race, or nation. Plato speaks to the nineteenth century with as much pertinency of time and circumstance, as he addressed the crowds in the groves of the Academy. Shakspeare crosses the sea into Germany and becomes the head-spring of German literature. After the lapse of two hundred and fifty years, the highest achievement of his critics consists in pointing out his merits. Such minds shine upon the world with inextinguishable radiance. While education and culture may do much for them, they still belong to a higher intellectual plane, and are exceptional. No rules of general applicability can be derived from the experience of men like Plato, Æsop and Shakspeare. Whether born at the feet of a Socrates, or in slavery, they *must* speak, and the world *will* listen. The occasional appearance of geniuses of the highest order seems to be quite independent of forms of government and civil institutions. We can only say that they generally spring from the best races. When they come, free institutions and a cultivated people afford the widest scope for the exercise of the faculties, and apply the keenest incentives to stimulate the powers to action. If a land of liberty and schools, after many generations, fails to produce writers who shall speak immortal words to all ages and tongues, the defect will originate in a more radical cause than the influence of her civil polity.

Many virtues belong in common to all genuine creations of literature, without regard to circumstances of parentage. There are others which spring from local and temporary sources. The literature of a republic will derive much of its distinctiveness and vitality from the spirit of liberty. So long as a fetter remains unbroken; so long as oppression, outliving the errors which permitted its birth, continues to impose a wrongful burthen; both the orator and the author who bear true allegiance to the republican idea, will find their loftiest inspiration in fighting the battles of freedom. A soul nurtured in the atmosphere of freedom is involuntarily aroused to indignation at the sight of tyranny and injustice. Law may throw its protection around the oppressor; ancient compacts may be cited to quiet the controversy; denunciations may be hurled against the agitator, and violence may threaten his person; but all to no purpose. Liberty and thralldom cannot long co-exist within the same national boundaries. Vain were the carefully contrived defences, which southern leaders demanded at the foundation of our republic, with a view to secure slavery against molestation. Thought, discussion, the sense of terrible wrong, the conflict of opinion, and the clash of arms were inevitable. Much of the finest American eloquence in Congress and on the rostrum, has been inspired by sympathy for the down-trodden. Our literature in every department overflows with the same generous devotion to freedom. "Good will to man," in the broad acceptance which gladly offers to others what it demands for self, pervades our poetry, our romance, and our philosophy.

This element, too, possesses irresistible power. Our own times afford abundant evidence of its potency. In firing the first gun at the flag of the republic, the rebels issued an irrevocable edict of emancipation. The North was slow to discover the fact, but no one doubts it now. Yet for a number of months after the fatal blow was struck in Charleston Harbor, the champions of the slave plead to averted faces. Public feeling, perhaps conscience, hesitated to break the prison doors which the constitution had guarded for nearly four-score years. But the decree had gone forth, and opposition was unavailing. Orators and writers who were freely denounced as sectional agitators, daily saw the throng of their followers swelling in numbers, till the accumulated pressure swept away the barriers of oppression, and the government yielding to the voice of the people, proclaimed liberty to all. Through literature, as one principal instrumentality, the leaven of liberty will diffuse itself till all nations are free. This, we humbly think, is one of the missions of our republic.

The United States is now proving the breath, and strength, and permanency of republican institutions. The events of the civil war confound the theories of European statesmanship. From the fiery ordeal our country will step forth wiser, more temperate, and more powerful. Her literature, too, will grow with the growth of her people. Tolerant of all kinds of opinions, watchful against tyranny and injustice, and inspired by earnest devotion to the welfare of mankind, it will worthily declare the grandeur of a nation that stretches from ocean to ocean, and from the lakes to the gulf.

R. W. W.

Oliver Goldsmith.

THE reign of Queen Anne is regarded by many as the Augustan age of English literature. Whether this is true, or not, the literary works of that period, in grace and elegance of style, are superior to the writings of the age that preceded it, and compare favorably with the writings of the two generations which followed it. Foremost in that age, as a prose writer, was Addison, and as a poet, was Pope. The style of each was closely studied, and copied, not only by contemporary writers, but, to the close of the century, we see the antithetical sentences of Pope arranged by less skillful hands, and many vain attempts to imitate the ease of Addison.

The period following this, although less fruitful than the preceding in literary men, nevertheless produced Samuel Johnson, whose long life seems a connecting link to the first and last generations of the eighteenth century. In him another was found worthy to be imitated, and many admired the pompous and inflated style of Johnson more than the grace and ease of Addison. With such models the literature of the eighteenth century gained much in elegance and correctness of style, but with few exceptions was cold, and artificial, as greater attention was given to the manner of expressing ideas, than to the ideas expressed.

The last of the three periods, into which we have divided the century, is perhaps less distinguished than the two which preceded it. Yet we see a great improvement in the moral tone of its literature,

which had gradually been rising to a higher standard of virtue, since Dryden had written to obtain the applause of a corrupt age. But, if it is less distinguished, and its reputation rests mainly upon the historians of the period, it has *one* name in the province of literature, as familiar as any we have mentioned—the name of Oliver Goldsmith.

The family from which he sprang was poor, but highly respected. For many generations poverty and virtue had been transmitted from father to son, until it almost seemed as if misfortune was their destiny. Nature had given them—in the language of a letter from Goldsmith to his brother—"a romantic disposition, a love for every place but that in which they resided, for every occupation but their own;" and he inherited that improvidence and roving disposition which probably, to a great extent, had made the family unfortunate. His early life gave little indication of the fame that awaited him, and if he was distinguished at all in his childhood, it was for his dullness and uncomely appearance. Yet after he became noted as a writer, those who had ridiculed him for his stupidity, remembered how attentively he listened to the tales of the old quartermaster, who kept the village school, and, by recalling his early life, thought that they saw indications of that great genius, which was already being recognized by the literary world. Aided by the kindness of friends, he began to prepare for the University, and at the age of fifteen, or as some say seventeen, entered Trinity College, Dublin. Here his brother had been before him, and distinguished himself as a scholar, yet even this failed to inspire him with ambition, and the same indolent disposition and love of pleasure, which had characterized his life thus far, were freely indulged. Yet it is stated that he often distinguished himself by translations from the classics, and in some biographies we learn, that at a "Christmas Examination" he took a literary prize of the highest honor. Whatever his college career was, it gave him at least classical taste and classical knowledge. While at the University, he frequently met with Edmund Burke, who also is said to have given little promise of the great celebrity which he afterwards obtained. Little did they dream, in their wildest flights of fancy, of the future that was opening to them; little did they think that when they clasped hands again, one would be regarded as the *greatest poet*, and the other the *greatest orator* of their times.

Having completed his studies, we next see him endeavoring to pass examination before the Bishop of Elphin, as he was designed for the church. Little displeased by being rejected from an avocation not at all congenial to his disposition, we find him next studying medicine at Edinburgh, afterwards at Leyden, and then a wanderer upon the con-

tinent without money and without friends. We pass over many incidents of his early life full of pleasing interest, as we think it necessary to give only a brief outline up to this point. And now we turn to his writings, not only that we may consider his merits as an author, but *here* we can read for ourselves the character of Oliver Goldsmith.

Although the dead are often too highly extolled, and epitaphs often declare virtues which they never possessed, yet the words of Johnson, on the cenotaph of Goldsmith, are universally regarded as true,

"He left no style of writing untouched,
And touched nothing which he did not adorn."

As a historian he is concise and pleasing, but not always correct, as his desultory study had not made him an accurate scholar. He had the happy faculty of condensing, and at the same time imparting interest, so that his statements are more easily remembered than the labored compilations of those who rank far higher as historians. He proposes to add nothing to that already known; he only endeavors to arrange the results of others' labors in pleasing language and attractive style.

As a Dramatist he is humorous and amusing, but less successful in this style of writing than in those we are about to consider. Although seemingly well qualified by the peculiar experience of his own life, and his close observation of mankind, yet "The Good Natured Man," and "She Stoops to Conquer" comprise nearly all his writings for the stage. In these plays he introduces many things extravagant and improbable, yet all his characters have such a life-like appearance that, for the time, the unreal becomes reality.

As an Essayist, few writers in the English language have excelled him. He may not display the studied grace of Addison, but is more genial, and speaks more naturally the language of emotion, whether of sorrow or joy. Johnson surpassed him in wisdom, but had a cold and cynical disposition. Johnson studied books; Goldsmith studied men. The former saw what the world should be; the latter saw what it was, and looked upon the misfortunes of his fellow-men, as rather to be pitied than despised.

It now remains for us to consider him as a Novelist, and a Poet, where we can read his nature more clearly than in the writings we have briefly considered. As a Novelist he did not obtain his reputation by wandering in the realms of fiction, nor, to use his own words, by "painting beauty in colors more charming than nature," but by

a *single* picture of real life. Upon the "Vicar of Wakefield" alone, Goldsmith might base an enduring reputation. We love it for its simplicity, and look in vain for a finer "picture of rural life." It teaches us to love virtue although humble, and to despise vice although attired in the garb of wealth, and shielded by power. Almost all novels have passed away with the generation which produced them, but this, for the purity of style and sentiment, is "a monument more lasting than brass."

But, however we may admire his prose writings, in his poetry the highest qualities of his nature were called into exercise. By his sympathetic nature he was particularly fitted to speak to the heart, and by his vivid descriptive powers to impart life and reality. As a clear lake reflects all things which overhang or pass over its surface, thus his soul gives back with almost perfect exactness every form and appearance of nature. And as the lake reflects not the brightness and shadows of yesterday, but the sunshine and passing clouds of to-day, so he dwells not in the past, but gives a true picture of life as he was passing through it, and ideas which daily occurrences suggested.

The work on which he displays the greatest ability, is "The Traveller" or "A Prospect of Society;" but we love more "The Deserted Village," for we learned it in our childhood. Familiarity reveals its beauties, and we appreciate it more as we approach nearer the realities of life. In the versification of these poems he follows the measure of Pope, and while he displays his polish, is free from his monotony. "The Hermit," which appeared in the same year with "The Traveller," has many expressions of exquisite tenderness, and contains passages which the world knows by heart.

"Man wants but little here below
Nor needs that little long,"

has become a household expression wherever the English language is spoken. He wrote prose with such facility, that, in whole manuscripts of his history, he seldom had to correct a sentence, but wrote poetry slowly, not from a want of imaginative power, but spent much time in correcting and revising. It is said that not a single line of "The Deserted Village" appears as it was originally written. And now, having reviewed his writings, we are better prepared to consider his character, and the closing years of his life.

Few writers have written more from the heart than Goldsmith, and this has stamped his works with immortality; for the language of the

heart is the language of nature, and the language of nature is the same throughout time. His writings might be considered a two-fold history of his life; not only that life as it was seen by others, but also that life known only to himself. In the "Vicar of Wakefield" we have a portraiture of his father, and he has recorded his own wanderings in the adventures of George Primrose "the philosophical vagabond pursuing novelty, but losing content."

Simplicity, Truthfulness, Sympathy, and Affection were the principal elements of his nature, and as his artlessness gave the envious an opportunity to sully his reputation, so his kindness was often the cause of his misery. A tale of suffering was never disregarded, if he had the power of giving assistance. Like the Pastor in "The Deserted Village,"

"His *pity* gave ere charity began."

He always spoke in behalf of the feeble, the oppressed, or the unhappy; unlike the world, which is always ready to give reproaches, but not relief. When the Earl of Northumberland offered him assistance, he declined in favor of his brother; and to his brother he dedicated his finest poem, when authors courted the favor of the powerful. He forgot the titles of the wealthy in his affection for his friends, and we honor that integrity which could not be bought by the gold of the British Cabinet, at a time when he was toiling like a slave for his daily bread.

A life of greater vicissitude it would be difficult to find, even after the romantic wanderings of his early life. As he saw "both sides of the picture"—as he expresses it—in Switzerland, France, and Italy, so in London he mingled with the poor and the wealthy; at first toiling in a garret, and in his closing years entertaining his friends in elegantly furnished apartments.

Whether we read his character, delineated by the partial pen of friendship, or the uncharitable pen of envy, our *love* for him remains the same; and not until we have become familiar with his history and his writings; not until we know the unkindness he received from the world, do we feel the full force of this epithet "*poor* Goldsmith," given by one of his warmest friends. We do not wish to extol his virtues too highly, and we admit that his character was not free from faults, or even vices, but they were more than balanced by his virtues, and many of his "failings leaned to virtue's side." Had he been less generous, he would have been more prosperous, and a monument in

Westminster Abbey would show his resting place, instead of a cenotaph which is not needed to preserve his memory.

It gives us sorrow to repeat the last words of Goldsmith. When asked if his mind was at ease, he answered "No, it is not." But he always felt the highest regard for whatever was sacred. In the dedication of "The Traveller" to his brother, he says: "You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the laborers are few; while you left the field of ambition where the laborers are many, and the harvest is not worth carrying away." His talents, at least, were devoted to the cause of virtue and humanity, and until "the future dares to forget the past" the world will remember with kindness the name of *Oliver Goldsmith*. If he was unfortunate in life, few have been more fortunate in reputation. The pen of Irving has made his name dear to every American heart, and when we finished "The life of Goldsmith," written in the language of affection, his own words come to our lips,

"Truth, Fortitude, and Friendship shall agree
To blend their virtues, when they think of thee."

W. B.

The Tragedy of Electra.

SCENE FIRST,—OYSTER POINT.—TIME, 16,018 B. C.

Enter—Aegisthus and Clytemnestra.—Aegisthus looks kind of glum.—

CLYTEMNESTRA.—My Lord! why do you look so sorrowful to-day?

You have not smiled since first the morning broke,
And now 'tis almost eve.

Tell me, your loving spouse, what is the matter?

Have those girls troubled you with their foolish clatter?

Or are you sick and I've not found it out?—

Aegisthus, dearest, have you got the gout!—

Or is't the headace, toothache, or the heartache?

Let me your troubles know and of them too partake.—

ÆGISTHUS.—'Tis none of these, you have not guessed aright,

But thoughts of what we did another night

Just twenty years ago—my head do fill—

And recollections of that deed crowd round me still.

When Agamemnon into death we hurled
 And in a bath-tub washed him from the world—
 The only words he spake were *Οπου*—
 And then a yell of *οτοτοτοι*.—
 You know that night his infant son was stol'n away;
 His coming still I always fear upon this day.

CLY.—Nay! fear not; even if he is alive,
 He scarcely 'gainst your power will strive.—
 Now, don't you see the day is almost done?
 I'll bet two dollars and a half that he won't come.
 From him what dangers can there spring
 To Great Aegisthus, mighty king?

ÆGISTHUS.—Perhaps you're right, still do I fear his coming,
 More than the great De Garmo's dunning. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Attendant and Orestes.*)

ORESTES.—The golden orb of day beneath the western slope is sinking fast.
 Slave! Whither have we come. Have we arrived at last?

ATT.—Behold! 'Tis Oyster Point; the classic shade,
 Where the daughter of Inaëhus, hapless maid,
 Was stung by a gad-fly, or as the Greeks said,
 This young woman was *οιστροπλῆγῃ*.
 And on the left, the wolves were dismayed
 At the sight of Apollo's roistering blade.
 And there is the house of the Pelapidae,
 Where years ago, quite twenty-three,
 Thy father was murdered.

OT.—And shall that murder unrevenged go?
 No! No! By Jupiter geeswax, no;
 I will avenge my father's blood,
 Upon Aegisthus, sure as mud!
 List to the plan I mean to use
 For stepping into Aegisthus' shoes.
 Do you to Aegisthus announce my death;
 There's no harm in that the Oracle saith.
 And then I'll enter, in my turn,
 Bearing the funeral urn.
 When thus I've gained admission to the hall
 I'll do the deed; I think I'll make Aegisthus bawl.

ATT.—But have you for this mission got permission?
 You know for that omission you'll receive an admonition.

OR.—Peace, babbler, peace. An t'were not for thy noddle's thickness,
 You'd know I was going to hand in an excuse for sickness.
 But go; thy duty well perform.
 Remember! He has sown the whirlwind and must reap the storm.

ATT.—My Lord, thy words shall be obeyed,
Almost as soon as they were said.

(*Exit.*)

OR.—Be calm, be calm my heart;
Remember to act well thy part.
Vengeance, be thou the whetstone of my knife,
To use 'gainst him who stole my father's life.
Ye Fairies three, grant me your aid,
And never let my hand be stay'd,
Till it has knocked Aegisthus down,
And taken from his head my crown;
For just so sure as he in Greece is,
So sure I'll tear him all to pieces.

SCENE SECOND.

Enter Orestes and Attendant.

OR.—Oh! I have passed a miserable night,
E'en when these palace walls were within sight;
'Twas on the roadside, in a little nook
Where I, of all this country, ought to be chief cook.

(*A yell heard outside.*)

But hark, methinks I hear Electra's voice;
I'd stay to see her if I had my choice.
But no, if she my presence here now knows,
It will my purpose to the king expose.
She comes like Aurora, daughter of morn,
Rising up from the sea in the bright golden dawn,
Or like Jefferson Davis, the last of his line,
Running away in his wife's crinoline.
Alas, that tender, gentle little flower
Is fading, drooping, every hour.
She has not seen me since our father fell;
She knows not whether I'm in heaven or earth;
See, she comes this way, let us withdraw,
Till on Aegisthus we can lay our paw.

(*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Electra weeping and Chrysothemis, carrying a small bundle of handkerchiefs.*)

ELECTRA.—My heart is almost bust with grief;
Sister! Give me another handkerchief.

(*Weeps.*)

CHRY.—O weep not for thy murdered father, sister dear,
Nor for thy absent brother shed another tear,
For on our father's grave, with weeds o'ergrown,
I saw this very day some flowers strewn;
Who else would have dared to strew those flowers,
But Orestes, our brother?

ELECTRA.—By the powers,
If this be so, my dear Chrysothemis,
I'll cry so no longer, my loving sis;

But if it be *false*, by Gravy, I swear,
I'll pitch into Aegisthus and pull his hair;
I'll suffer no longer.

CHRY.—Now don't be so wild;
You never *weigh a word* you say, you *wayward* child;
You should be more careful what you say;
See, even now, Aegisthus comes this way;
If he had heard what you said just now,
Wouldn't he raise an awful row? *(They whisper together.)*
(Enter Aegisthus, who sees them.) (Aside.)
Why talk these girls together thus?
I fear me lest they still are plotting
'Gainst our safety and our power;
(To girls.) Why do ye whisper and gaze on one another's phiz?

ELECTRA.—I tell thee, tyrant, none of your biz.

AEGISTHUS, *(in a rage.)*—Ha! dost thou insult us; to your chambr git?
You'll find room in it to ruminate a bit;
And there, as sure as I'm a sinner,
You shall have bread and water for your dinner.

ELECTRA.—What! Can't I have my rare roast-beef?
Sister! Give me another handkerchief.

(Electra and Chry. exit in tears.)

AEGISTHUS.—These children have so rebellious grown,
I fear me sometimes for my very throne.
There's something heavy round my heart to-night;
I really am in an awful fright;
What's put me into such a dreadful stew,
I really do not know. *(To Att.)* Do you?

ATT. *(Just entered.)*—Perhaps it is of misfortune a sad foreboding.
Alas! there's plenty of room at my house for boarding,
And lodging too, that's been unoccupied,
Ever since the day Orestes died.

AEGISTHUS.—Orestes Dead! How? When and where
Did this blessing—I mean misfortune, happen?

CLY. *(Aside.)*—If this be true, at last we're safe from him
We always feared would just drop in.

AEGISTHUS.—Generous stranger, I to thee appeal,
That you will all the story strange, reveal.

CLY.—Yes, tell us all we want to learn,
So that you may our *sorrow* great confirm.

ATT.—Madam! My Lady, and you sir, My Lord,
 It is with sorrow great I bring this word;
 But know, 'twas at the games Olympic, on the last great day,
 When he triumphant had already six prizes borne away,
 And now a seventh had almost earned,
 When his frightened horses his chariot o'turned,
 That with his feet entangled in the reins,
 He was swiftly whirled along the plains,
 And tossing now 'twixt heaven and earth, his head
 Was left there, bleeding, bloody, dead.

CLY.—The story that you tell is very strange;
 But to one more pleasant let us this sad topic change.
 Won't you stay to supper?

ATT.—You are very kind,
 But more of this sad tale yet hangs behind;
 I'm only the fore-runner of the funeral train
 That brings Orestes ashes home again;
 But, even while I speak, I hear a drum;
 Be silent now, they come! they come!

(Rogues March heard in distance on hand-organ.)

*(Enter College Sweeps and Old Clothes men, who file along the back of the Stage;
 finally, Orestes, with Urn covered with a black cloth.)*

ORESTES. *(Kneeling before Aegisthus.)*—Within this urn I hither bring
 The ashes of Orestes, mighty king.

CLY.—The sight of that urn raises a feeling internal
 That may turn to him my feelings maternal;
 Is it for my sin a dread remorse.

AEG.—Here, menial, take away the corse.

OR.—Menial! Of course I'll do it—here she goes.

AEG.—Look out! You nearly hit me on the nose.
 I must say that wasn't remarkably well bred;
 No matter, since you tell us that Orestes' dead.

ELECTRA. *(Enters.)*—Orestes dead! What's that I hear?
 I think I'm going to faint, I feel slightly queer. *(Faints.)*

ORESTES. *(Catching her.)*—I thought she'd swoon, sooner or later;
 Why don't you get some water or else send a waiter?

AEG.—I'll go myself and fetch it in a minute.

ELECTRA.—And put a little drape of something in it.

(Exit Aegisthus and Cly.)

OR.—Sweet one, look up once more and see
 The light of day. Lift up thy head.
 Ha! Ha! She breathes, she speaks.

ELECTRA. (*Faintly*.)—Orestes dead!

OR.—No. I am thy Orestes—thy brother comes
To save thee. and avenge thy wrongs.

ELECTRA.—Ha! Ha My brother, my brother! (*They embrace.*)

CHRY.—Ha! Ha! My brother, my Orestes! (*They embrace.*)

ORESTES.—Ha! Ha! My sisters, my sisters! (*All embrace.*)

OR.—Come fly with me to the mountains,
And I will there relate the story of my birth,
And show to you the casket which contains
My summer clothing.

ELECTRA.—And wilt thou save us? Thou canst not refuse;
But promise me.

OR.—Yes, I does, I does!
For while Aegisthus thinks he is in security,
I'll send him forever into futurity.

ÆGISTHUS. (*Enters.*)—I've brought the water and a piece of ice;
Hallo! I smell a large sized mice.
What, Ho! There's threshing afoot, the traitor's here—
Since Orestes is dead, no traitor I fear.

OR.—Traitor! in thy teeth thus I thee defy.
I am Orestes. Now usurper die.

(*Advance.—Fight.—Ægisthus killed.*)

OR.—Ha, ha, the deed is done;
There's no more night for me, my day has come. (*Exit.*)

CHRY.—Here, take this bloody corpse away, (*They carry off body.*)
Make preparations for the coronation day,
The golden crown and sceptre hither bring,
And let us make Orestes king.—

ATT. (*Enters.*)—Oh, Madame, I have just now found
Orestes, wandering in the palace ground;
This excitement sudden, had his reason unseated,
And your name he constantly repeated;
Then would he stare and wildly gaze around,
As though he feared to lose you;
Then on his father Agamemnon called, and
Wept to hear him answer not.—Though for
His father's death he swore he'd be revenged.

ELECT.—Oh horrible, horrible! why was I ever born
To be by such grief and anguish torn?
The sorrow new fills up my cup of woe,
And if it don't look out t'will overflow.

ATT.—But look, Orestes hither comes, his head
Bowed down, as though in thought immersed.

Let taciturnity restrain our tongue, mellifluous,
Till swift attention tells us what
He thinks, and what intends.

ORESTES (*Enters.*)—Where is my father? They have murdered my father—
But I'll be revenged.—I'll be revenged. Where is
Electra? Where's my sister?

ELECTRA.—I am she. I am Electra?

ORESTES.—Thou! Thou art Aegisthus—dos't think to 'scape me still?
Thou who my father murdered and my sister treated ill;
Thou can'st not fool me with those woman's clothes;
Why, modern traitors wear such rags as those.—
I'll be revenged now. Here, traitor, die.

(*Stabs her.*)

(*Weeps.*) Thou art my sister, and I knew thee not.
Forgive me.—My head burns.—I cannot see
Thee well.—Ha, ha! dost thou call? I come,
I die! I die!

(*Dies.*)

W. W. F.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

The Berkeley Scholarship and the Clark Scholarship have been both awarded this year to ROBERT P. KEEP, of Hartford, Conn.

Commencement Exercises at Yale College, 1865.

Sunday Afternoon, July 23—Baccalaureate Sermon, by Rev. W. B. CLARKE.

Sunday Evening, July 23—Address before the Yale Missionary Society, by Rev. J. P. THOMPSON, D. D., of New York.

Tuesday Evening, July 25—Concio ad Clerum, by Rev. JOHN R. MILLER, of Suffield.

Wednesday Morning, July 26—Alumni Meeting,—after which there will be a celebration in honor of those former members of Yale College who have served their country in the recent war. An Oration will be delivered by Rev. HORACE BUSHNELL, and a dinner will be provided, with sentiments, speeches, &c.

Wednesday Evening, July 26—Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, by Hon. DWIGHT FOSTER, of Boston, and a Poem, by Dr. J. G. HOLLAND, of Springfield, Mass.

Thursday, July 27—COMMENCEMENT.

Editor's Table.

We give, in our *Memorabilia*, the order of exercises for Commencement week. The patriotic character of the exercises, in addition to the ordinary attractions of the Alumni meetings, will render this Commencement an unusually interesting one. We notice the name of William M. Evarts at the head of the General Committee, and doubtless the occasion will call back to Yale an unusually large number of her sons. Very many of the students are accustomed to leave town before Commencement, under the impression that the exercises of the week are of little interest to any except old graduates. We have been present at these exercises now for two years; and we can assure our fellow students, that there is no occasion in the whole year of greater interest to a loyal Yale man than the Wednesday Alumni meetings. We advise those who have never stayed to these exercises before, to do so this year. You will appreciate, as you never have before, that wonderful affection which inspires Yale men for the dear old college, which has been so loving a foster mother to them all.

The terrible examinations are dragging slowly along. The whole college is sleepy and ill-tempered. The subject has usurped the weather as a topic of conversation. The customary salutation "How do you do?" is changed into the past tense. Our table has resolved itself into a catechising committee upon each coming examination. But as the number of difficult questions that can be propounded is limitless, and no one there feels the least confidence in the correctness of anybody's answers, the result in general seems to be much like that to which Newton attained on his death bed. We have all arrived at the real foundation of knowledge, the conviction of our utter ignorance. When you look over this *Lit.* however, these anxieties will be at an end, and the time will doubtless come, when to recall these periods of weariness and prostration will be a pleasant reminiscence of hard work long sustained, and crowned with full success.

Apropos of these examinations, we notice that the Committee on the last Jubilee, has voted to accept the invitation of that faction of the Class of '67 which is the majority. It is an unpleasant subject at best, and while we can but commend the action of the old committee, we sincerely hope that the bad effects of this bitter quarrel will be so evident to succeeding classes, as to spare the college the disgrace of any class ever again making such a public exhibition of party feeling. If it could tend to break up the whole system of coalitions, it would be a blessing to all the future classes.

The boating interest of the college all centers around the coming race. It seems that there is to be no preliminary race this year. It is a matter of great regret that there is to be none, and it seems to us that the existence of these annual examinations is hardly a valid excuse for giving it up. It is a reason which may be urged every Summer in the future by every class in college. The younger classes ought to feel that the honor of Yale will soon rest in their hands. The University crew loses three of its best men this year. Unless a greater energy is shown in the coming classes, the hard earned laurels which '65 and '66 have won for Yale, will be wrested from us.

We feel that an apology is necessary for the character of the articles in this number. Almost all have been written for some other object than publication in the *Lit.* We earnestly endeavored to obtain articles from the leading writers of college; but the short time allowed us, and the labor imposed on everybody by the examinations, made it impossible to persuade any one to write. We do not feel that we are to blame for the fact that preceding issues have been dilatory, or for the existence of the *Annuals*. The articles in themselves are all admirable. But we can see as well as any one, that the *Magazine* ought not to be simply a repository of prize articles, and that it calls for a style of writing more easy and genial than ordinary prize essays afford. But we have done as well as we could; and we can promise that in the future the character of the *Magazine* will be more in accordance with its true object.

We hope next term to receive communications from the scientific correspondent of the *Courier*, upon boating subjects. The young gentleman in question shows remarkable ability, and we hope to secure some of his productions, before his lucid style shall have attracted the attention of more pretentious magazines.

We are under overwhelming obligations to Mr. Daniel Chase Chapman, the well known statistician of the College, for invaluable aid in arranging the Table of Contents for the volume closed with this number.

To Undergraduates.

In accordance with the annual custom, the Board of Editors hereby offer for competition the Yale Literary Prize, a gold medal, valued at twenty-five dollars. Each contestant must comply with the following conditions: He must be a member of the Academical Department, and a subscriber to the "*Lit.*"; his essay must be a prose article, and must not exceed in length ten pages of the magazine; it must be signed with an assumed name, and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the real name of the writer; and must be sent to the undersigned on or before Saturday, Oct. 14th. The Committee of Award will consist of two resident graduates and the Chairman of the Board, who will keep secret the names of the unsuccessful competitors.

H. COLE,
Chairman Board of Editors.

Errata.

Mr. Ewell requests us to publish the following

ERRATA: In the Townsend essay, on "The House of Commons," in the July number, page 287, near bottom, for "on an independent faith" read "and an independent faith." Put semicolon after "peaceful," not after "element."

Page 289, middle of page, for "alternative test" read "ultimate test;" near bottom of page, for "sinks every other" read "links every other"

Page 290, for "which it leaves" read "which it bears."

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"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLIS, unanimique PATRES."

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* * * Contributors are requested to forward their articles *through the Post Office*. Please inclose the name in a sealed envelope, which will not be opened unless the article is used. No article can be published unless accompanied by a responsible name. Communications or remittances may be addressed to the "EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE," New Haven, Conn.